

Mississippi Democrat.

THREE DOLLARS]

"THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

[IN ADVANCE.]

Volume I.

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Miscellaneous.

From the Western Literary Journal.

A REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

"Yet what soe'er it now to tell."—BYRON.
"Yet you feel vivish, Samvel, especially for a vidder, don't hang yourself, that's vulgar, but go into a closet and take pizen, and you'll feel glad of it afterwards."—PICKWICK.

"It were a real increase of human happiness," observes Carlyle, "could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels or otherwise rendered invisible, and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged sadder and wiser at the age of twenty-five; such gawks are they, and yet with such a voracious hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obnoxious, vainglorious; in all senses so forward, and so forward."

At the most wretched period of this most wretched age, we left our Alma Mater for a dive into society before settling down in a profession. Without settled principles or opinions, with no correct idea of the world, but with a firm belief that a dissipated life was a Paradise regained, in which wine and women, balls and buggies, cards and cigars, floated confusedly in our fascinated imagination, with no control over our hands and feet, we were turned loose upon the community at large. Ever memorable times! Bright, yet ruinous! The day, at least so much of it as we permitted to see our valuable person out of bed, was passed in loafing in coffee houses or nine-pin alleys, or driving fast trotting horses; while the evening found us associated with others of like age and character, at the theatre or any other place of amusement that would release us late at night to cards, hot punch, broiled bones, and perhaps broken heads or the watch house. How such a life would have terminated can only be imagined, for we were arrested in mid career. Gentle reader, we fell in love!

Much has been said, sung, and written upon this matter of love, and all to little purpose. That it is a disease, all admit. A disease incident to early youth—incident to the "barrel age," and fatal to old men. Like the measles and the whooping cough, it seldom attacks more than once, and the older the victim the more dangerous. It ruins the health of the body and affects the mind. But the cure—what is the cure? And here all differ—Some seek in travel a remedy—others take to Byron and drink, and thereby prolong their misery. There is but one cure—Let the patient eat—eat any thing and every thing—eat with all his might—and viands and disease will disappear together.

"Twas at a party we were first attacked. We came in late, with a goodly quantity of bad champagne in our weak head, just in the situation to be easily assailed by the disorder, and we met it near the entrance. Mephistopheles, we are told, after leaving the witches' den with Faust, remarks that his companion is just in the situation to think the first woman he met an angel—From this we gather that the doctor was drunk. We were tipsy on that memorable night, and through a sort of cloud saw our angel, seated at the piano. We took a lean upon the mantel, and a long stare at the divinity before us, for once forgetting our hands and feet. We saw a multitude of silken ringlets falling over a marble brow, and shoulders of snowy whiteness. We saw eyes—full, glorious eyes, that welled forth untold and untellable feelings. We saw a figure beautifully rounded, light as a fairy. And then, oh! ye gods, those hands, small, plump, delicately moulded, that seemed like gemmed insects, or rather beautiful birds, to hover and flutter over the ivory keys, charming music from the instrument they scarcely seemed to touch. Such execution was seldom heard on a

piano—"twas nothing to the execution done on our heart.

"Oh! Widow Green—Widow Green, you were near the death of us, you were indeed. You snatched nearly asunder the chords that bound us to the ideal—

"The beautiful is vanished and returns not."

As dark shadows stole over the meadow when the sun departs, so gloom has settled on our soul since thy sunny countenance fled from us forever. Oh! Widow Green, oh—

Hold! bring us a potatoe—we feel a relapse.

We were introduced, and all the evening we hovered round, (how! think of a youth with such feet "hovering"—haunt is the word) listening to sweet nothings, lisped out in such a frank, simple manner, that the bolt her beauty had sent smashing through our poor heart was well rivetted. We saw her hooded and cloaked, and helped into her carriage, and then reeled home drunk—with love and beauty.

The following morning, dressed with unusual care, we called upon our charmer. Visit followed fast upon the heels of visit, until we became a sort of fixture at the widow's mansion. We were encouraged in the most flattering manner. Observant reader, have you ever studied a widow, while inveigling an innocent youth into her toils? If you have, you've some idea of the labor a youth—a verdant youth—a youth of the "barrel age," may perform. To act the groom on horseback, to make night hideous with serenades, to spend a small fortune in bouquets and buggies, to dance attendance at the theatres, balls, parties, lectures, exhibitions, &c.—to do all this is to do but a small part of what is exacted. We worked like a slave and expended like a nabob. Week after week flew by in this service. We became thin and pale, and subject to sudden fits of poetry. In looking over our commonplace book, we find, among other things of the like ilk, the following. It is given to the reader, not for any supposed merit, (heaven save the mark!) but as an instance of what a matter-of-fact business man may be guilty of at the "barrel age," when deeply in love:

The stars are bright in heaven's deep,
Soft runs the drowsy stream,
The birds are in thy tower asleep,
And flowers nodding dream;
The winds scarce bear the melody,
And all the rest are left,
Save one, who sleepless sings to thee,
By thee of sleep bereft.

When sunlight leaves the fading west,
And stars are in the skies,
I turn me from my deep unrest
To muse upon thine eyes;
Or if, perchance, sweet sleep appear
To bid my heart rejoice,
Thy fairy form I see, I hear
The music of thy voice.

Then wake—though oft thy gentle head
In dreams wild fancies play,
Oh! wake—though hopes are round thee shed
That waking fades away;
Oh! wake, then, dearest, wake awhile,
Thy gentle voice we need,
Without thy voice, without thy smile,
The night is night indeed.

This was sung by a music man of rather dingy complexion (we had paid him a dollar, for we have no music in our soul) under the widow's window at a past 11 P.M. precisely. For an audience we had two men, three boys, and a watchman, all "just dropped by," and having an ear for sweet sounds, remained to listen, kindly throwing in a few remarks, such as "wake 'em up, Darby," "go it strong," &c., and to show their musical abilities, whistled, or sung off-hand accompaniments, enlivened with occasional imitations of the French horn.

In the middle of the third line of the second verse our musician suddenly sneezed—whereupon the applause became tumultuous. We were favored with a bouquet by the widow, but in dropping it she dropped her right cap. It came sailing down like a snow-wreath from heaven, and now hangs, even unto this day, beside our looking-glass, a warning to gods and men.

What a very absurd business, by the by, is this serenading. For the lady, it may be well enough to be awakened from a deep sleep, and then soothed to slumber again by strains that steal out on the night air. She retires about ten P.M. after doing up her lovely locks in brown paper, pulls over them a warm night-cap, enrolls herself in a gown that it did not take Mrs. Tippet a week to fit and fashion, or her immaculate washer woman to whiten—thus encased she rolls in snugly, with nothing visible but the tip end of her lovely nose. When the music awakens her, she opens one ear, and long before the last quaver dies away, is lost in dreams again. "Oh! the day following, the serenaded boasts—"Oh! I had such a nice serenade last night—two flutes, fiddle, guitar and all, and Mr.—did sing so—Oh, my!" Well enough, well enough.

But for full grown men, after dawdling about on chairs and sofas until midnight, to travel round attached to guitars and fiddles, is too absurd. "To feel when 'twilight dews are falling fast," that they are "watering a cold in the chest, or that the 'winds that sigh around the bower' are playing the very deuce with your hollow back; to

know that the guitar will give place to a catarrh, or that the trombones will be followed by aching bones, is sickening. Go to balls, parties, suppers—get drunk—go on a spree, and suffer afterwards—there is some alleviation in your misery to know that there was fun and excitement in the deed. But serenading is a cold blooded business. Poh!—hire a hand and send them round, with orders to bring home all that is thrown out, even a chair, and next morning, after a comfortable night's rest, you can gather in the laurels.

Here, in the right of an experienced old bachelor, permit us to give one word of advice to lovers in general. Never spend a cent in love making. If the girl is worth having, you cannot purchase her with bouquets and buggies, serenades and sonnets. It adds to the agony of the rejected one to know, that he has lost not only his heart, but his dimes. He may do as an old friend of ours once did, make out a bill—stop, we have it somewhere about—ah! here it is:

LiZZA CATCHEM,
To DAVEY DUMPS, Dr.
To 16 serenades, one dollar per serenade, \$16 00
10 buggy rides, \$1 50 each, 15 00
52 bouquets, say one dollar per bouquet, 52 00
92 days' time lost, three dollars per day, 276 00
\$339 00

To this Davey added a large sum in the way of damages for friends lost and a doctor's bill. But this, however amusing, will not heal a light pocket any more than it can cure a heavy heart.

In pursuit of the widow we thinned and paled rapidly. Love-making, as Montezuma Dawkins correctly remarks, is "purty fun," but it can't last forever, and in our case we determined to end it or our existence by the untimely experiment of "popping the question," which was more easily determined upon than accomplished. Opportunity after opportunity escaped without accomplishing the object. Either courage oozed out at the proper moment, or the widow, with the tact of a skilful hand, led us from the point. But come it must; and we fixed a time, and inwardly swore the matter should be settled then or never.

Returning in the evening from a fashionable church, the choir of which the widow frequented, we determined should be the occasion of our desperate undertaking. We prepared a little speech. We settled ourself into an untired pair of inexpressibles, and passed nearly an hour in compressing our understanding into new boots. Finally, with a pain at our heart and a pain at our toes, we walked the widow to church. She passed up to the gallery, and we seated ourself in a new hall way down the principal aisle. The Rev. Mr. Leatherlungs was a popular divine, and the house was crowded to excess, and warm to suffocation. The heat began soon to affect our pedal extremities. Our boots were too small in the first instance, and before the Reverend gentleman was half through, we were suffering the agonies of the damned. Talk of thumb-screws and the rack! they are nothing to swelling feet in tight boots! They grew worse every minute. We had fevers and numbness—sharp pains, dull pains, running pains, and throbbing pains. Our face was flushed—our body bent with agony—escape there was none. The architects of the church understood human nature, and placed the pulpit near the entrance, so that after the congregation was once seated, none could escape until the sermon had been heard and paid for. Nay, had the Reverend gentleman fallen down in an apoplectic fit, and thereby left the way clear, doubtful had it become whether we could have walked. Relief must be had, and desperately we cut our straps, fixed our left foot under the stool used to kneel upon, and gave a jerk. We upset the stool, and sent it with considerable rumpus a dozen feet on the floor. We persevered, however, pulled off one boot, and left the other partly on. Delicious, oh delicious boy-and expression, was the relief afforded. While the congregation is dispersing, we can easily stoop down and pull on our boot. Delusive hope! The last hymn was at last sung—the benediction given—the congregation began to disperse. We stooped to try the boots—we pulled, we strained, we kicked, we jerked—boot-lass—'twas all in vain. Not an inch would our foot advance. Horrible fact! Our little widow tripped down the aisle, and stood talking to the sexton, evidently waiting for us, near the door. The refractory boots would not go on. Horrible fact!

We have danced a waltz-dance with the Potawatomies; we have gazed upon the pyramids while resting under the shadow of a camel; we have seen the vast prairies of the West, and thousands of buffaloes herding together; we once saw a hog go over Niagara Falls; we have taken tea with Ann Royal, we have been in many situations that called up emotions from the bottom of the soul—but never, no, never in one that looked up the same sense of an awful reality as the fix that night.

There stood the widow waiting impatiently for us. We could not but be in the pews and be locked up in the church—no trap opened in the floor through which we could disappear in a flash of blue light. Desperate at last, we seized our boot and started out. With our left foot unnatural-

ly elevated some three inches, (we measure six feet two,) with the big toe of our right foot shamefully sticking out of a dirty sock, we travelled at a quick pace with a very cranky motion. The widow saw us approach with a look of utter astonishment. With face glowing like a furnace, we slowly banged to the door, paused on the threshold but for a moment to hear some merry peals of laughter, and then flew home—leaving our speed considerably quickened at one corner by a little urchin, screaming out—"Go it boots!"

We have had, since the event here recorded, many ups and downs of various character. We have had our head much settled by the weight of Blackstone, Chitty, &c.; but to this day we feel grievously afflicted at the most distant allusion to our misfortune. Even while enjoying a play, we start nervously should the pit—Trollope convicted—raise the cry of "boots!"

SCENE IN COURT.—A trial for murder in the first degree, or as sporting men would call it, a race for life and death, came off a short time ago, within less than a hundred miles of civilization.

The accused was a big buck negro, shining black, with hair as stiff and coarse as the teeth of a carding machine.

Clerk: Prisoner, look upon the juror—Juror, look upon the prisoner! Do you challenge?

Counsel for the prisoner: Not peremptorily.

Clerk: Have you formed or expressed an opinion with regard to the guilt or innocence of the accused?

Juror: Why, what a question. How should I?

[Clerk repeats the question.]

Juror: Why I never saw him before.

Clerk: Answer the question—yes or no.

Juror: No sir—reel!

Court: No sport here, it is too serious a matter.

Clerk: Have you any conscientious scruples?

Juror: I have a few left.

Clerk: I mean about inflicting capital punishment.

Juror: None whatever I do assure you.

This emphatic declaration brought the prisoner's counsel to his feet, who was going to argue that the manner in which the juror's last answer was given was a good challenge for cause, but was stopped by the Court.

Clerk: Are you akin to the prisoner?

Juror: What!

[Clerk repeats the question, "Are you akin to the prisoner?"]

Juror: Who do you take me for?

Clerk: Are you akin to the prisoner?

Juror: Your face is blacker on Sundays than mine is on week days, and your hair is wool. Are you akin to the prisoner?

Clerk: Answer the question.

Juror: Akin to the devil, my family are respectable white people!

Here the cloudy brow of the Court indicated that the conference should be cut short, and the prisoner's counsel boding no good from the juror's contemptuous opinion of his client, challenged the juror for cause, namely an opinion expressed.

Juror continues: What! I am insulted by that blackguard clerk, and now one of his hired bullies has challenged me; no, I'll fight this clerk first, and his bully afterwards.

Court to Juror: Sir, you are challenged, you may retire.

Juror: I never turned back on friend or foe—I'll not retire.

Court: Sir, you are committed for 24 hours for a contempt of Court—Sheriff, take him into custody.

Here the Sheriff, who was a resolute, good-natured man, walked off arm in arm with his prisoner.

Juror: Why, Sheriff, I voted for you! what are you about?

Sheriff: O, nothing; you can eat with me, and sleep in my room.

Juror: You are both savage and kind, Mr. Sheriff; I refused to vote for your adversary because when he was Sheriff he never summoned me as a juror—I thought he slighted me. I am the first juror called since you were elected, and I am in jail! D—ye, you, the Court, the clerk, his bully, and every body else. Why I am going to be married to-night, and have fifteen miles to ride.

The Sheriff explained matters to the Court, and the sentence was commuted to one hour's custody.

THAT LONG LINE.—The last bit of poetry which we have seen is from a hanging swain to his gentle divinity:

Oh! lady hear thy lover sigh,
No feather heart there is than mine,
I read compliance in your eye,
Then why not say at once, I've kept you waiting a long time, and if you'll have patience till I can get a wedding dress made, I'll be thine.

Altogether, we estimate that there are Fifty Thousand People in this City who have not the means of a week's comfortable subsistence and know not where to obtain it.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

MESMERISM.—The following interesting extract is from the New York letter of the National Intelligencer:

"Some of our principal physicians are likely to become converts at length to a belief in the truth of the much abused science of Mesmerism. A most convincing evidence of the power and reality of the mesmeric agency was exhibited in this city on Thursday last, (the 16th instant,) in the presence of Doctors—Mott, Francis, Doane, Delafield, Rogers, and others, all of them men acknowledged to stand in the front rank of their profession. A young lady of respectability residing in Chambers-street, while in the mesmeric state, induced by mesmerism, had a tumor removed from her neck near the carotid artery. The mesmerist and surgical operator was Dr. Horton, a young man of fine abilities, who has recently arrived here from Paris. The subject submitted to the painful operation without the slightest manifestation of physical pain or shrinking—a serene smile playing upon her lips as the knife cut deep into the flesh. After the operation was ended, an apparent disposition to awaken from the magnetic trance was immediately dispelled by a few passes of the mesmerist's hand. The eminent physicians, who were present, nearly all of whom came 'prepared to scoff,' regarded one another in silent amazement at the successful close of the experiment. As one of the most distinguished of them remarked to me, their looks seemed to say, 'have we not disbelieved in these things too long?'"

The case was in all its details a most convincing character. A full description of it, duly authenticated, will soon be published. It is likely to rival in interest that in which the celebrated Clapnet of Paris, was the operator; who removed a cancer under similar circumstances, but where the operation was not so strongly attested as in the present instance. A profound impression has undoubtedly been made upon the minds of our medical and scientific men by this extraordinary incident, confirmatory as it is of the reality of an agency in nature, the existence of which they have hitherto denied, and the attempts to establish the truth of which they have denounced as the grossest quackery."

BISHOP O'BRIEN.—The pamphlet containing the evidence on the trial of this dignitary is now published; and we have read the substance of all the evidence on the material charges. It is of such a character as forbids an editor whose paper is read by ladies from republishing it. It is impossible, however, to read the evidence without becoming convinced of the guilt of the holy old libertine, and astonished at the mildness of his sentence. The endurance and silence of the ladies under his insults, furnishes the strongest argument against the doctrine which would attach a sacredness to the office and person of a Bishop or priest; we have yet seen. Ladies in the very presence of their husbands, mothers, or nearest relations, suffered the most licentious liberties taken with their persons; and were restrained from expressing the hypocritical sinner by then we felt for one they were taught to regard as a literal successor of the Apostles, and the almost divine representative of Christ.—From the numerous cases in which he was suffered to attempt with impunity, we are almost forced to calculate that in others he succeeded.

When the large procession was passing through the streets of Cincinnati, the other day, escorting Mr. Polk, a lady was observed in the streets in much distress.—She would take her handkerchief from her eyes, look a moment at the carriage in which Mr. Polk was seated, as if at a hearse containing the remains of a dear friend, then applying the muslin again, sob vigorously. A gentleman approaching, thus addressed her:

"Dear madam, permit me to enquire the cause of your distress; perhaps assistance even if coming."

"Oh, no—thanky sir. I am only (sob, sob, and a look at the President-elect,) so sorry it aint Mr. Clay!"

The democratic papers in New Hampshire have unanimously condemned the letter of one of their members in Congress, John P. Hale, in opposition to the annexation of Texas. The Concord Patriot, the official State paper, discourses on this treachery, long, ably, and eloquently. It declares that the letter presents "narrow and false views of that great question, not in the high national and patriotic relations in which it should be viewed, but in the light in which the ultra abolitionists, dead to every consideration and every sympathy, except those that look to slavery and impracticable schemes, in its extinction, love to exhibit." This is the language of the democracy of the good old Granite State, the truest allies of the South north of Mason and Dixon's line; and among whose favorite and distinguished sons, it we mistake not greatly the sign of the times, is one of the few men beyond that division, who can unite the support of the South for the contest in 1848.

THREATS OF ABOLITIONISM.—The Boston Morning Post of the 7th inst. denounces with great ability, the factious views of the fanatical Abolitionists. The cloud seems to be deepening in that quarter.—It was on the other day, that Alvin Stewart (one of the most talented and influential men in that class,) published a long letter in the New York Herald, to justify his party in not voting for Mr. Clay, branding of their more than 60,000 votes, meeting upon their policy in preserving a separate organization, and giving the articles of their creed, which among others, claimed of Congress the emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia; the abolition of the inter-State slave trade; and the abolition of slavery through all the South, in case of a foreign war, which he contends would make it the duty and give the power, under "the common defence and general welfare" clause, to change the whole character of our civil institutions. These doctrines seem to partake of madness; and yet they are only following the blow, which the Abolitionists of Massachusetts are aiming at us through the "Liberator," in the form of a publication, which they are gratuitously circulating over the Commonwealth. Its avowed object is, to petition Congress for measures to take steps to abolish the Constitution and dissolve the Union itself—declaring that the "Memorialists, disclaiming citizenship and repudiating the present Constitution as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," say (Congress,) to take immediate measures, by a National Convention, or otherwise, for dissolving the Union of these States." The work of such men as Washington, Franklin and Madison, a "covenant with Death and an agreement with hell."

In an apparent connection with these opinions are some of the whigs of the North—among them the Boston Atlas, a leading whig organ in New England.—That cautious journal declares, on 20th December, that "We must be ready to say that Massachusetts cannot, she must not, she will not submit to the annexation of Texas." Thus, the leading whig organ in New England declares the annexation to be the signal of dissolution, precisely as the Hartford Conventionists declared the introduction of Louisiana as a State into the Union. That storm passed off innocuous. The threat was no longer uttered, after the measure was adopted—and such will be the effect of the shameless denunciations of the Boston whigs about Texas. But we put it to the whole South, even to the whigs themselves, how they can any longer co-operate with a party who employs these threats, and who thus ally themselves with the infamous Abolitionists! The last movement which reaches us, and it is strongly advocated by the whigs, is a proposition to call a Convention in Faneuil Hall, in which Massachusetts is to take the lead, to declare for dissolution, in case of Annexation. Such idle threats will never win us, whether in the North or in the South, from doing his duty firmly to his country. Such movements only show the insouciant and treasonable spirit of the whigs of Massachusetts.

[Richmond Enquirer.]

In connection with this subject we make the following extract from a late letter from C. M. Clay to the Boston Atlas:

"I know, full well, that the election of James K. Polk would be chimed by the party, as the verdict of the people in favor of Texas, and by the slave power, in favor of slavery. The voluntary disavowal by Mr. Clay, therefore, of my opinions, as set forth in a letter to Mr. Speed, of Idaho, New York, could not compel me, though mortified pride at the awkward position in which he had placed me before the American people, to desert the glorious standard of human liberty, and national honor, and good faith, which all now plainly see is struck down, temporarily at least, in his person. It is far from my feelings and purpose now, to reproach Mr. Clay—to whom I am under many obligations, which can never be cancelled, both as a man and as a statesman—yet I believe the great whig party north of the line is prepared now to admit, that in losing the moral power of opposition to Texas, as a slavery question, we lost all."

"Granada, where do people get fish-bones from?" "Why from Boston." "Well, where do the Boston folks get them from?" "From England." "Oh, where do the English get them?" "From France." "Well, where do the French get them from?" "Why, right straight from the devil." Now stop your noise."

Frequently ask yourself what you have done—why you have done it—and how you have done it? This will teach you to inspect, first, your motives; second, your measures; and third, the manner in which you discharge your duty.

REAL PLEASURE.—Real pleasure consists in that interior satisfaction which renders us happy.